

## LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

*Short Stories with Sad Endings.*

No. V.—THE YOUNG MAN WHO DIDN'T.

COLD silence reigned in the room. The man-servant with noiseless activity had set the card-table and disappeared, closing the door gently after him. MURIEL stared into the fire. Ever and anon aromatic cloudlets of cigar smoke sailed past her. Once he broke the burdensome silence by setting down his coffee cup with a clangour that almost made her start. Then there was a piff-biff. He had thrown the moiety of his weed into the fire with a gesture of unrestrained impatience. Now she knew it was coming. The words she had anticipated for four months. Four sweet months of unalloyed happiness. He was so handsome, so markedly superior to the average man who found an entrance to her smart and exclusive little coterie. Quite the most priceless ornament of her sporting set. And her heart? Had it not been in the keeping of MONTY PIPSTONE any time these three months?

The man rose, and came nearer to the girl. His face was working strangely. There was a drawn look, that told of hidden agony. His fists were clenched, and once he raised them threateningly as if he would wring his very life out in sheer distress. MURIEL gasped, and raised a hand in silent agony.

"MONTY!" she implored with wide staring eyes.

"Ah! It must come," the man cried, his whole frame shaken with the extremity of his passion. "For four months we have dwelt in Elysium. Given ourselves up to the delicious reverie of love. Interchanged sighs, stolen glances, mingled song and laughter, joys a thousandfold, our hearts beating in unison."

"Yes."

"And while we dreamed, I knew that there must come an awakening——"

"Ah, you have deceived me!" Her eyes outflashed the serried gems that rose and fell on her quivering neck, like the relentless moving of storm-borne waters.

"Forgive me," said PIPSTONE in remorseful tones, seizing her slim wrists and peering into her tear-wet eyes. "You shall, you must, when you hear what I have to say."

MURIEL gave a despairing sob.

"Don't make my punishment harder. It is now almost more than I can bear. To see you, the only true queen of my heart suffering through my words, for ever so short a moment tears me into a thousand pieces of living agony. I know I was wrong. Acoward, I suppose, to go on treading the primrose path of love, knowing to what end. I know I should

burning in my breast. I was wrong to suppress it, I know; but the thought that to reveal it would separate us kept me mute. And now——"

MURIEL was crying softly.

"At the Club I am avoided. Members pass me by suspiciously; the servants eye me curiously, as if I were some extinct monster of antiquity. My friends are falling from me like leaves from autumn-stricken trees. Acquaintances who were wont to tip the cheery nod now let me go unacknowledged, or frown sullenly on me. I am ostracised. I am a social outcast."

"MONTY, do not torture me! This suspense——"

"I shall leave you," said the man, resolutely. "For when you know my secret, you will cut me out of your visiting list, and curtail the occasional friendly dinner, as others have done. Maybe we shall never meet again. It is impossible for me to remain in your set."

"Oh, surely you exaggerate the nature of your crime?"

"Do not utterly despise me."

"MONTY, tell me, tell me what it is. Perhaps——"

"Do not hope. I—I—can't play bridge!"

The woman sat staring into the fire. An icy hand tore at her heart. MONTAGUE PIPSTONE had passed out of her life.

## A MILITARY COMMISSION.

*(Army Tailor Examined.)*

Q. Is the present

uniform capable of improvement?

A. Certainly, by its entire change.

Q. How would you alter it?

A. By having cloth of a new colour.

Q. Would quality or price be material?

A. No, so long as expense was a secondary consideration.

Q. Would you discard gold lace?

A. I would increase its use in all directions. It would be good for trade.

Q. Would you make the habitual wearing of uniform compulsory?

A. I would insist upon the officers changing at least half a dozen times a day, never wearing the same uniform twice.

Q. And do you consider War disastrous to the military tailor?

A. Absolutely, as the British officer prefers to fight, so to speak, in his shirt-sleeves.

## ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

*(One so seldom finds an artist who realises the poetic conception.)*

"AND I WOULD THAT MY TONGUE COULD UTTER  
THE THOUGHTS THAT ARISE IN ME."—Tennyson.

have chosen the only alternative of withdrawing as quietly as possible. I saw—none clearer—in what a false position I was placed. That I had no right to be included in your set."

"Ah! some social misdemeanour!"

The man loosed his hold of her wrists. "It was absurd to imagine that I could pursue the routine of pleasure imposed by another season, without someone of average perspicuity discovering in what manner I fell short of the social equipment with which I am accredited. I should have torn down with a morally courageous hand the sign of 'eligible,' to which I have no claim."

"Oh, MONTY, do not hastily condemn yourself!"

"All hope is gone. Think the best of me. For weeks the awful secret has been

## DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

IX.—OUT OF PATIENCE; OR, BUNTHORNE AVENGED!

SCENE—Drawing-room of Colonel CALVERLEY's house at Aldershot. His wife, SAPHIR, is entertaining ANGELA, ELLA, and the rest of the love-sick maidens—now married to stalwart officers of Dragoons—at afternoon tea. Each lady dandles a baby, which squalls intermittently.

*Chorus.*

TWENTY heart-sick ladies we  
Living down at Aldershot,  
Every morning fervently  
Wishing, wishing we were not.

Twenty married ladies we,  
And our fate we may not alter;  
If we dare to mutiny

*They will send us to Gibraltar!*

[*The babies, appalled at this prospect, howl unanimously.*]

Saphir (as soon as she can make herself heard). Our mornings go in stilling baby's squalls.

All. Ah, misery!

Saphir. Our afternoons in paying tiresome calls,

All. And drinking tea!

Saphir. And then those long, long, regimental balls!

All. Ennui, ennui!

Saphir. After a time that sort of pleasure palls,

All. As you may see.

[All yawn, including the babies.

*Chorus.*

Twenty heart-sick ladies we, etc.

Angela (sighs). It's a dreadful thing that we should all have married officers in the Army.

Saphir. And all have to live at Aldershot.

Ella. All except Lady JANE.

Saphir. But she married a Duke.

Ella. I don't see why that should make any difference.

Angela. You wouldn't expect a Duchess to live in the provinces. She couldn't be spared.

Ella. What do you mean?

Angela. No Duchess is allowed to be out of London during the season. There are hardly enough of them to go round as it is.

Saphir. I never imagined that when we were married we should find ourselves so completely "out of it."

All (indignantly). Out of it!

Saphir. Yes, out of it. Out of the world, the fashion, what you please. Aestheticism is out of vogue now, of course, but there have been lots of fascinating "movements" since then. There's been IBSEN and the Revolt of the Daughters, and AUBREY BEARDSLEY and the Decadence, and MAETERLINCK. The world has been through all these wonder-

fully thrilling phases since 1880, and where are we?

Angela (remonstrating). We read about them in the ladies' papers.

Saphir. Read about them! What's the good of reading about them? I want to be in them. I want to live my life. (Shakes her baby fiercely. It raises a howl.)

Ella (rushing to the rescue). Take care, take care! Poor darling! It'll have a fit.

Saphir. Take it, then (Throws it to Ella). I'm tired of it. What's the good of buying a complete set of back numbers of the *Yellow Book*, and reading them, too—(General astonishment at this feat)—if you can't even shake your baby without making it squall. I'd never have married Colonel CALVERLEY if I had thought of that!

Angela. Nor I Major MURGATROYD. (Sings.)

When first I consented to wed,  
I said, "I shall never come down

To passing my life

As an officer's wife,

In a second-rate garrison town."

I said, "I shall live in Mayfair,  
With plenty of money to spare,

Have admirers in flocks,

Wear adorable frocks,

And diamonds everywhere."

Yes, that's what I certainly said  
When first I consented to wed.

I thought—on the day was wed—I could reckon with perfect propriety

On filling a place

With conspicuous grace

In the smartest of London Society.

I said, "It is easy to see

I shall be at the top of the tree,

And none of the millions

Of vulgar civilians

Will venture to patronize me!"

Yes, that's what I foolishly said  
When first I consented to wed.

As the song ends, enter Colonel CALVERLEY, Major MURGATROYD, and the other officers, in uniform as from parade. The ladies groan. So do the babies.

Colonel. Hullo! Groans! What's all this about?

Saphir. If you only knew how it pains us to see you in those preposterous clothes.

Officers. Preposterous!

Angela. Perfectly preposterous. You know they are.

Major. If by preposterous you mean not conspicuously well adapted for active service, we cannot deny it.

Angela. Of course you can't. Your uniforms are useless and pretentious. To the educated eye they are not even beautiful.

Officer (horrified). Not beautiful!

Saphir. Certainly not. If they were, you would not be so unwilling to be seen about in them.

Col. (haughtily). It is not etiquette in the British Army for an officer ever to be seen in his uniform. It isn't done!

Saphir. And why not? Because he is ashamed of it. He wants to be dressed like a soldier, not like a mountebank. How can anyone respect a uniform that's only meant for show?

Major. That's true. But the ladies? If it wasn't for our gorgeous frippery they wouldn't fall in love with us.

Angela (crossly). Nonsense. Women like soldiers because they are brave, not because they wear red coats. Any Tommy could tell you that.

Col. (sarcastically). Indeed?

Angela. Yes. SAPHIR, tell Colonel CALVERLEY the story of WILLIAM STOKES.

Saphir (sings). Once WILLIAM STOKES went forth to woo,

A corporal he of the Horse Guards (Blue), He thought all housemaid hearts to storm With his truly magnificent uniform.

But the housemaids all cried "No, no, no, Your uniform's only meant for show, Your gorgeous trappings are wicked waste,

And your whole get-up's in the worst of taste."

All. The worst of taste?

Saphir. The worst of taste!

These quite unfeeling  
Very plain dealing

Ladies cried in haste—

"Your uniform, BILLY,  
Is simply silly

And quite in the worst of taste!"

Poor WILLIAM took these cries amiss, Being quite unaccustomed to snubs like this.

At last he explained, by way of excuse, His gorgeous clothes weren't made for use.

His elaborate tunic was much too tight To eat his dinner in, far less fight, It was only meant to attract the eye Of the less intelligent passer-by.

All. The passer-by?

Saphir. The passer-by!

And so poor BILLY,  
Feeling quite silly,  
Threw up the Horse Guards (Blue),  
And now in the Park he  
Appears in Khaki,

And greatly prefers it too!

Colonel. That's all very well, and I dare say you're right in what you say, but you'll never get the War Office to see it.

Major. They're too stupid.

Saphir. Was it the War Office who sent us to Aldershot?

Major. Yes.

Saphir. You're quite right. They are stupid!

Colonel. What's the matter with Aldershot?

Angela. It's dull, it's philistine, it's conventional. And to think that we were once Aesthetic!



## GROWING BOYS.

*Master Jack.* "PLEASE, MA, AREN'T I GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW SUIT, LIKE TOMMY?"

*Mrs. Britannia.* "NO, DEAR. TOMMY'S OLD SUIT WAS SO WORN OUT THAT HE HAD TO HAVE A NEW ONE; BUT IT COST ME SUCH A LOT OF MONEY THAT I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOURS DO AS IT IS FOR A BIT."

[The Army Estimates are three times the amount of the Navy Estimates.]

*Officers (mockingly).* Oh, South Kensington!

*Angela (angrily).* Not South Kensington! Chelsea. If you knew anything at all, you'd know that South Kensington is quite over now. People of culture have all moved to Chelsea.

*Saphir.* Why on earth don't you all get snug berths at the Horse Guards? Then we could live in London.

*Colonel (sadly).* Do you know how promotion is got in the British Army?

*Saphir.* No.

*Colonel.* Listen, and I will tell you—

(*Sings.*)

When you once have your commission, if you want a high position in the army of the King,

You must tout for the affections of the influential sections of the Inner Social Ring.

If you're anxious for promotion, you must early get a notion of the qualities commanders prize;

You must learn to play at polo, strum a banjo, sing a solo, and you're simply bound to rise!

For everyone will say

In the usual fatuous way:—

"If this young fellow's such a popular figure in High Society

Why, what a very competent commander of a troop this fine young man must be!"

You must buy expensive suits, quite the shiniest of boots, and a glossy hat and tall, For if you're really clever you need practically never wear your uniform at all.

You probably will then see as little of your men as you decently can do, And you'll launch a thousand sneers at those foolish Volunteers, who are not a bit like you!

And those Volunteers will say

When you go on in that way:—

"If this young man's such an unconcealed contempt for the likes of such as we What a genius at strategy and tactics too this fine young man must be!"

When, your blunders never noted, you are rapidly promoted to the snuggest berth you know,

Till we see you at Pall Mall with the Army gone to—well, where the Army should not go.

When your country goes to war your abilities will awe all the foemen that beset her,

And if you make a mess of it, of course we're told the less of it the country hears the better!

And you'll hear civilians say,

In their usual humble way,

If this old buffer is a General of Division, and also a G. C. B.,

Why, what a past master of the art of war this fine old boy must be!

*Saphir.* Do you mean that you'll never

get a berth at the Horse Guards, any of you?

*Colonel (sadly).* It's most unlikely.

*Saphir.* Then my patience is exhausted. I shall apply for a judicial separation.

*Angela.* So shall I.

*Ladies.* We shall all apply for a judicial separation.

*Officers.* Impossible!

*Angela.* Oh, yes, we shall; we cannot consent to remain at Aldershot any longer. At any moment a new movement in the world of Art or Letters may begin in London, and WE shall not be in it. The thought is unendurable. We must go and pack at once.

[*Exeunt.*

*Curtain.* ST. J. H.

#### PAINFUL POEMS.—NO. II.

##### A FATAL SUCCESS.

AMINADAB CARRUTHERS JONES

Was steady as can be,  
He was, as everybody owns,  
Of strict sobriety.

This man invented something great  
(I think it was a gun);  
And then there came a weary wait  
Ere victory was won.

He fought a monster in disguise,  
The rudest of tape,  
Which strangled private enterprise  
In every size and shape.

At last, at last, success was his,  
Success for all his schemes!  
He worked a miracle—that is,  
He realised his dreams.

"Adopted" was the gladsome word  
Which filled his heart with glee—  
That night poor JONES was as absurd  
A sight as you could see.

He staggered home to Mrs. J.,  
His face suffused with pink,  
And this is what he had to say:  
"M'RIA, wha' you think?

"I shay, goodole redtapshafoof,  
M'RIA, wha' you shay?  
We're joll' goodfellers, tooroooloo,  
Hi, toorooolooroooy."

INTOXICATED WITH SUCCESS,  
He fairly lost his wits;  
The happy home, as you may guess,  
He pounded all to bits.

In sorry degradation sunk,  
He showed himself a "rip."  
With pure success our friend was  
drunk,  
No liquor passed his lip.

And now, good friends, a warning  
take,  
Pray, pay especial heed,  
Success should make you fear and  
quake—  
Beware how you succeed!

#### THEOPHRASTUS UP TO DATE.

"Literary Characters."

THE NEW PUBLISHER.

NEW Publishing may be defined as the puffing of unknown authors for the sake of gain.

The New Publisher is one who will do his own reviewing, and fill many columns of the papers with eulogies of his own publications. Warming to the work, he will hire sandwich-men to parade the streets proclaiming their aspirations or their sin. Great is his belief in anonymity, and having propounded the riddle he is well pleased to keep silent and reap the harvest from a puzzled world. He is very apt to bring discredit on his profession.

THE NEW JOURNALIST.

New Journalism is the framing of fictitious sayings and doings at the pleasure of him who makes journals.

The New Journalist is a person who will condemn a prisoner before he has been tried, or ruin a man's reputation to sell a single issue of his paper. When a sensational trial is in the courts he will be quick to scent out any savoury gossip and horrible revelation. It is quite in his manner, too, to publish the evidence of a witness who has not yet appeared in the box. Hearing that a degree of frost has been registered during the night, he hastens to write a par. on "Blizzards at Brixton," adding, that Wandsworth and Wimbledon are in winter's icy grasp. He is also called Yellow.

THE NEW WAR CORRESPONDENT.

New War Correspondence is a distressing indifference to style and subject, where popularity is concerned.

The New War Correspondent is one who, though he has seen nothing of war, and knows as little of politics, will cheerfully go to the front, and write home criticism of the General's tactics and of the Government. There is no need for him to leave his quarters in order to give a graphic description of the latest battle. He is apt to refer to a scouting reconnaissance as an advance in force, adding that on this day he messed with the — Regiment who had looted a barrel of whisky. If half-a-dozen Boers are dislodged from a kopje, he will describe it as a great victory, though he will point out that, but for the blundering of the General engaged, the loss of five British officers might have been avoided. He is quite likely to write a novel, in which he will discourse much of "Glass-eye," "Pom-pom" and "Ard-work." He is very apt to use this kind of phrase, "The lioness of Britain whelps heroes still." He is a "quill-driving lump of sin."

## 'VARSITY VERSES.

## OXFORD ODES.

X.

My heart still stops, my brain is all  
Filled with a strange wild humming ;  
I tremble still when I recall  
The manner of its coming ;  
It flashed across the Teubner text,  
A heaven-sent inspiration—  
One moment darkness, and the next  
My brilliant emendation.

Fame was upon me ere I knew :  
All Oxford talked about me,  
And e'en the *Classical Review*  
Was incomplete without me ;  
The Public Orator too spent  
The best of his oration  
Describing as the year's event  
My brilliant emendation.

Six rival colleges began  
To woo me, each a suitor  
Intent on getting such a man  
As me to be its tutor.  
I therefore came to be a Don  
And spent a Long Vacation  
Preparing learned lectures on  
My brilliant emendation.

Now readings come and pass away,  
And those which are selected  
By scholars as the best to-day  
To-morrow are rejected.  
Why bother, then, what truths new-  
found  
We owe the German nation ?  
I'm still contented to expound  
My brilliant emendation.

## AN ENGLISH PARODIST'S LOVE-

## LETTERS.

## EXPLANATION.

THESE parodies were written for purposes of publication. Even the urgent request of the writer's best friends have not prevented him from printing them. They point so obvious a moral to brother-parodists that the author feels it as all-commanding upon him to give the letters to the world.

The story that echoes through the following pages shows how hopelessly the author has fallen under the influence of certain eminent writers. When at length he shakes off this influence, he finds to his horror that he is inarticulate. So long has he imitated the method and style of others that he has no longer any style of his own ; he has become a mechanical mocking-bird. Therein lies the tragedy ; for a man who cannot write a natural love-letter must give up the rôle of lover.

## LETTER I.

(Written under the influence of George M-r-d-th.)

BELOVED,—With this letter lies overt the first page of the scented volume of



"JUST IN TIME FOR THE CENSUS, SIR!"

love. Its passionate perfume narcotises my soul with verbal-tone pictures, and drives me with its harmonious discords into polysyllabic conceits. There is an obscurity, dearest (if, mayhap, obscure I shall seem) which arises from excess of light. On the sensitised brain of the ordinary soul this super-radiance is registered as shadow, and, indeed, develops as such. You, beloved, would scorn such a negative test.

And now to psalm the praises of Cupid, who liketh not the naked, unattractive highway that leadeth direct to wedding bells, but glorieth, Ariel-like, in the intricate byways of intellectual magic-loving ordeals, while shunning marriages that are not amazing. And now, dearest, take a deep breath, for I am about to enter upon a glittering sea of metaphors, and goodness knows when a full-stop will arrest my declamatory barque. To-night I opened my casement (there is no window in my room) while mine ears drank in—Nature has been kind in gifts aural—the bitter-sweet passion song of the nightingale, which entranceeth my soul with the value of archaic words and recondite phrases, albeit somewhat sense-bewitched

from the natural meaning accorded them by the upper-shelf haunting dictionary ; maddeneth my heart with such an ecstasy as the gods feel who, looking down upon the stage of life, rejoice in the pantomimic vagaries of low comedians gallery-espied—somewhere in the Lane of existence ; greeteth my body (my soul and heart have already been disposed of) with some chance entarrah (that I super-gladly suffer) which, clasping my throat in its ardent embrace, or whispering in sibilous periods to the *penetralia* of the bronchi—Dearest heart of my heart, I have lost my place, and where my original nominative was, alas, I wot not. So farewell. The fount must cease to flow : inspiration has become siccate.

## SUGGESTED ADDITIONAL TAXATION.

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## THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

## CANTO THE FIFTH.

The Press Paragraphs.

THE masterpiece towards completion tends,  
And on its steady journey to success  
It may be pushed along by kindly friends  
Who chance to be connected with the Press.  
In many a chatty paper, far and near,  
Notes on the new production will appear.  
Starting with just a line or so at first,  
These paragraphs are few and far between ;  
But ere the piece for long has been rehearsed  
On ev'ry side accounts of it are seen ;  
All of them helping, in some slight degree,  
To rouse the public curiosity.

Soon, with an ardour uncontrolled and hot,  
The journalists crowd thickly on the scent ;  
Each tries to find out details of the plot  
(If there should be a plot by accident).  
Failing in this, he very often gleans  
Descriptions of the dresses and the scenes.

The Illustrated Interview.

Or, knowing public interest runs high,  
The authors and composers he'll pursue,  
And, at their private residences, try  
To get the honour of an interview.  
Sometimes their latest photos they will fetch,  
And let him reproduce them,—say in *Sketch*.

Let us now return for a while to the piece itself. It is far enough advanced to go into rehearsal. This necessitates our approaching the theatre,—and by the stage door. But before taking what may be to the reader such a momentous step, perhaps it would be as well to propitiate the fates, and do homage in fitting fashion to this mystic barrier which guards the world behind the footlights.

## INVOCATION TO THE STAGE DOOR.

Hail ! O thou magic and mysterious portal,  
Strangely attractive to the guileless mortal,  
Who, though possessed of an inquiring mind,  
Has never had the chance to "go behind."  
The real from the unreal thou dost divide ;  
And those to whom the *entrée* is denied,  
Heed not the voice of elders, who declare  
That they are building castles in the air.  
Dazzled by all the splendour of to-day  
They see in thee the one and only way  
To Fairyland ; and feel a hatred for  
Thy careful and suspicious janitor ;  
Who, watching from the corner of his eye,  
Will let no unfamiliar face pass by.

O foolish ones, why will ye not be wise ?  
When will the outside public realise  
That through this mystic door, for many a one,  
The road to disillusionment may run.  
Alas ! the youthful dream of beauty stops  
When one has been confronted by the "props." ;  
While as for Fairyland, the only things  
That will suggest it are perhaps the "wings."

Preliminaries will be started by  
Rehearsals of the chorus, who will be  
Summoned as soon as possible to try  
The music, full of haunting melody.  
Female and male, henceforth they must not shirk  
The drudgery attendant on such work.

Pity the chorus master, who will sit  
Surrounded by the many-voiced throng ;

Rehearsal of the Chorus.

Taking them through the music bit by bit,  
And interrupting when they sing it wrong.  
Marking the time for them, "One, two ; one, two !"  
Shouting out "Ladies, that will never do !"

No orchestra his efforts will assist,  
As has been, and will be in future days ;  
Only the tinkling of a pianist,  
Who on his instrument serenely plays.  
This sort of thing is steadily maintained.  
Until, at length, proficiency is gained.

The idiosyncrasies of the chorus must often have struck the reader. They are always on the spot when wanted, and always willing to sing. But let them speak for themselves.

The Chorus singeth for Itself.

SONG OF THE CHORUS.  
The principal characters wander about  
Wherever the action may take them,  
And though it may strike you as funny, no doubt,  
We never, no never forsake them.  
To regions remote they may possibly fly,  
To deserts unpleasant and sandy ;  
But no matter where these localities lie,  
They're sure to find some of us handy.

Our voices are clear and sonorous,  
And no situation can floor us ;  
Both early and late or  
From Pole to Equator,  
There's no getting rid of the Chorus !

Supposing a musical number is due,  
For which we're responsible partly ;  
The stage may be empty, but give us the cue,  
And see how we take it up smartly.  
To come on in clusters of two or of three  
We're always remarkably willing !  
We enter from Centre, from P, and O. P.  
(Result of elaborate drilling.)

We look as if nothing could bore us ;  
Though dreadful disaster hangs o'er us,  
Sopranos and basses  
Wear smiles on their faces,  
You cannot discourage the Chorus !

Act One may present us as civilized folk,  
But, as you perhaps may have reckoned,  
We probably shall our identities cloak  
In starting upon Act the Second.  
The lady who was a Society belle,  
Supposing the piece should demand it,  
May next be a peasant ;—the Regent Street swell  
May turn to a bloodthirsty bandit.

And no one can really ignore us ;  
The audience sitting before us,  
Our value confesses ;  
In tights or in dresses,  
They liven things up, do the Chorus !

Meanwhile, in other quarters, matters are being rapidly pushed forward. The scene-painters, having submitted models and had the same approved, are hard at work on the two or more "sets." The costumiers are materialising the ideas of the designer, and turning out elaborate creations which are to make the piece a well-dressed one. It is high time to call a rehearsal of the principals. Accordingly, one day, the members of the company assemble on the stage. Some of the more favoured ones may have had the piece explained to them previously by the authors, but the majority will have to obtain a vague idea of it, by reading through their parts.

(To be continued.)

P. G.



Milkman, "MILK ! MILK ! ME O !!"

Little Girl (to Governess). "WHAT DOES HE SAY 'ME O !' FOR ?"

Governess (readily). "OH, THAT'S FRENCH, DEAR. 'MIE' IS SHORT FOR 'DEMIE.' 'MIE-EAU' MEANS 'HALF-WATER' !"

## PHILANTHROPY IN THE WEST-END.

(Speech designed for Lord ROSEBERRY on the occasion of his opening a Loan Collection of Pictures in the Lobby of the House of Commons.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I cannot think Why I should give this opening address, Except that I have leisure more than most And often undertake these little turns. Since first, some three-and-thirty years ago, I entered what is known as public life, I have remarked a desultory change In Members' manners, chiefly for the worse. Time was, some three-and-thirty years ago (Excuse my mentioning the date again), Before the Irish occupied our thoughts, When the behaviour of the Lower House Was almost worthy of the Peers themselves. Home Rule is dead (I helped to dig its grave, And made an after-dinner speech above it), But several naughty passions roused thereby Have wrought corruption in our polished style And even compromised the House of Lords, Where I myself only the other day Observed a noble Marquis who betrayed A "lamentable and unseemly" tone— To cite the epithets I then employed.

It is in hope of working some reform Which may effect itself by moral suasion, And ease the burdens of our brave police, That I expose these pictures which include The hundred greatest works of human Art, Selected by my friend, Lord AVEBURY. OVID (in ancient days) regarded Art As an emollient of savage natures; But Art is very long, and takes its time; And he were optimist who should expect That for a Member passing through this Lobby (Possibly under force and upside down) In course of transit simply to have seen A CONSTABLE suspended on the wall Should be the sudden means of his conversion And change a FLAVIN to a CHESTERFIELD. Yet if he only gave sufficient time To rapt and steady contemplation of Some useful masterpiece—a RAPHAEL or A MICHAEL ANGELO (I'll ask the Press, Who claim the copyright of these remarks, Not to report him as VON ANGELI), Then I believe that in this stately House There is no Hooligan so coarse of hide But what the brute would ultimately own The Brummelising influence of Art.

Nor has this choice collection been arranged Merely to mollify the rampant kind And cause "the ape and tiger" to expire. Apart from general humanising aims, An intimate regard has here been shown For individual Members' private needs. Thus it is hoped that this sublime *chef d'œuvre*— Lord Roberts playing with the little Boer— (Illustrative of peaceful Ignorance Imbibing Wisdom from a Warrior Chief) May chance to catch my LORD OF LANSDOWNE's eye. The Soul's Awakening has been secured In order to divert my noble friend The Duke of DEVONSHIRE. Those chaste designs, HOGARTH's progressive series of *The Rake*, Should give an added breadth to SAMUEL SMITH.

The picture of *The Princes in the Tower* Might soften Lord HUGH's adamantine breast; And all the house of CECIL must remark This rather pleasing genre interior, *The Happy Family*. Our Liberal Leader Is suitably accommodated with *The Choice of Hercules*, while LANDSEER's gem, *The Time of Peace*, with careless lambs and goats Bleating about the rusted cannon's throat, Should meet the Anti-British-Army views Of HAROURT. *Dignity and Impudence*, By the same master's hand, is meant to warn Preococious genii like Master WINSTON, Not to usurp the seat of Mr. BOWLES. That rustic scene, *The Dam beside the Weir*, Speaks for itself; and, finally, *La Source*, that emblematic nude, is loaned Exclusively for WILFRID LAWSON's needs.

I need not stimulate my audience With further instances how Art may be "Applied" to persons. 'Tis my honest hope That each of you will help in pointing out To other Members those respective works Which strike you as applicable to them; Always remembering our primal aim— To civilise the mob. I ought to add That catalogues are free, a gift from Gourst, Another of his many services To Education.

Let me now declare This Gallery open. May its various oils Assuage the troubled waters round our bark; And may a bounteous blessing wait upon These efforts to reclaim the West-End rough. O. S.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON have issued the first volume of a work which promises to take a favoured place in the library. It deals with *The Living Races of Mankind*, providing a popular illustrated account of the customs, habits, feasts and ceremonies of the human race throughout the world. To the proper study of mankind no equally original and comprehensive work has before been undertaken. The letterpress, edited and partly written by Mr. H. N. HUTCHINSON, assisted by eminent specialists, deals with masterful brevity with the physical features of the races of mankind, their clothing, ornaments, food, dwellings, weapons, habits and customs, their modes of thought and mental characteristics. Without minimising the value of the text, my Baronite believes it is the illustrations that will mark the supremacy of the work. They are taken on the spot, in the Fiji Islands, New Guinea, Australia, Tasmania, Siam, China, the Andaman Islands, Bokhara, Siberia, and all the ends of the earth. Such a varied collection of living figures so admirably reproduced, has not before been seen between the covers of a single volume.

There has been such a run on the "Masters" in fiction, that, as an attraction, it would have been better had Miss BESSIE HATTON chosen some other title for her novel than *The Master Passion* (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Limited). However, "a rose by any other name" will have the roseate effect, so we may accept this latest "master-piece" with satisfaction, even if it be not quite so "masterful" as the name implies. The plot is of the smallest consequence. Evidently it is intended for a study in the evolution or development of character. A kind of *Taming of the Shrew*. The heroine starts as a most impossible specimen of modern girlhood, and though she eventually tones down into

something of an ordinary human being, she never quite loses that unorthodox temperament which is apparently the distinction of most up-to-date heroines. The very best parts of the book are decidedly in the life at the French convent. Here Miss HATTON is thoroughly at home. Her descriptions of the happy uneventful routine of existence in a convent school are done with a charming delicacy of touch. Of the many female characters, the most distinctly and pleasantly drawn one is that of the nun, *Madame Véronique de Salles*. But why *Salles*? Should it not be *Sâles*? "*Salles*" is so suggestive of "*salles*" for music, *de lecture*, *d'attente*, etc. An interesting story, but overweighted with this idea of a "Master Passion."

*A Narrow Way* (METHUEN) will add to the growing reputation of MARY FINDLATER. It is the story of a bright, clever, pure-minded, unselfish girl, cooped up in the narrow cage of the Edinburgh home of a dour Calvinistic aunt. With consummate, perhaps unconscious art, these grim surroundings serve to bring out the charm of KITTY. My Baronite strongly recommends the Baron's readers to find and follow *A Narrow Way*.

*What Men call Love* (WHITE & CO.) is a sad, sad story of human passion, painful as such stories, to be true to life, must always be, told by LUCAS CLEVE with strong grip of character, considerable power of description, both of the picturesque scenery in which the action takes place, and of the naturally dramatic situations through which it is worked out to the end. "*Their Penance*" would have been a more accurate title for the story, telling as it does of the agony of self-reproach, of savage vengeance, and of suffering willingly undergone in expiation of a crime, for which forgiveness has been freely and fully accorded, but too late. Decidedly a powerful work. The gleam of sunshine at the finish relieves the human tragedy and consoles the tender-hearted.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

#### OHÉ ! MON MAIRE !

"NOT to-day, Baker ;" "no, nor on any other day, Worshipful DANIEL BAKER, Mayor of Folkestone, in spite of your anxiety, as displayed in that letter to *The Times* last week, to get the post through from Paris to Glasgow, and vice versa, taking London en route and advancing business by, as this "DANIEL come to judgment" hath it, some twenty-four hours. As if letters couldn't wait ! As if business would not be all the better conducted in consequence of business-like men having time to ponder and consider, instead of replying hurriedly, and committing themselves in a second to what they may possibly regret "it may be for years, it may be for ever !" Answer in haste, repent at leisure.

And what other loss will there be—not to the business men, but to the travellers ? Why the loss of a *genuinely good lunch* at the Calais Buffet, taken by those who know what to eat, drink and avoid," in the space of at least twenty-five minutes by English and Continental time (would it were an hour !), and digested quietly and pleasantly, and probably "slept upon" during the journey ; so that the traveller, feeling like *Richard*, when he was "himself again," arrives in Paris with the makings of another excellent appetite which will be in working order by the hour of dinner. And the wise and worshipful DANIEL (he 'll find himself in a lions' den without celestial aid to rescue him) points out that for those who *must* feed there is luncheon provided in the restaurant car, so that, en route, the traveller can sample a specimen of *poulet* and *vin rouge*. Has the worthy Mayor of Folkestone personally tried this ? Probably ; and he may be impervious to indigestion (O lucky official !), or His Worship may have had an exceptionally fortunate experience. *I, moi qui parle*, have done it once, or twice, but, as the song says, "Never again with you, ROBIN !" We were jolted, to this side and that, we were



#### THE WEAKER SEX.

*She (a stalwart damsel). "YOU HAVEN'T JOINED OUR CLUB, MR. SLEAFORD ?"*

*He (7 st. 6 lb.). "No. FACT IS, I THINK MIXED HOCKEY FRIGHT-FULLY DANGEROUS."*

*She. "INDEED !—DO YOU MEAN FOR THE MEN ?"*

clutching and shaken, and the waiters were staggering ; the knives and forks became a danger, glasses jingled and collided, bottles were grasped, and the whole meal was a most upsetting and "upset" affair. Perhaps the occasion was an exceptional experience ; but evidence is against that supposition.

Viâ Folkestone for Boulogne to Paris, with twenty minutes allowed for refreshment, and no other stoppage of any sort save five minutes at Amiens, is certainly the quickest and cheapest, supposing fares unaltered, for those in a deuce of a hurry, and who "needs must" because a certain personage, name unmentionable to ears polite, is their engine-driver ; but for those who would prolong life, see good days, and take everything easily, we adhere to the *London viâ Calais route* to Paris, with as much time as one can possibly get at Calais, even if there be a few francs more to pay for the extra forty minutes' journey which saves the traveller from dyspepsia, and gives him rest after refreshment.

Business is business, Mr. Mayor, and we don't want it to be less business-like : but where there's more haste there's less speed and, on the whole, where there is one letter which it is of vital importance (financially) to answer at once, there will be some ninety-nine to which the answers will be all the better for keeping. Besides, how about telegraphing, telephoning, private code cabling, and Marconi signalling ? "Long life and success to the Mayor" of Folkestone, and may he come to a better mind on the subject of *De Londres à Paris et retour*.

His Worship's truly, THOMAS TUCKER.



### THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

HAVING BEEN CANNONED AND NEARLY BROUGHT DOWN, TO BE ASKED IF YOU ARE TRYING THE AMERICAN SEAT.

#### MATINITIS.

"[An eminent American specialist in nervous diseases has declared that the *matinée* habit is dangerous to most young girls. "The nervous strain that a girl undergoes while witnessing the average dramatic performance is exceedingly severe," says this authority, "and if often repeated is likely to do great injury and lead to nervous prostration."—*Daily Mail*.]

So fresh, so fair was she,  
With rose-embazoned cheeks, and eyes  
Darting amid the hearts of men  
Their liquid fire; laughing then  
An Angel tumbled from the skies  
So fancy-full, so free.

So buoyant and so gay,  
With heart untrammelled by a care;  
Infused with Nature's healthy glow  
As lightly moved she to and fro  
As thistledown upon the air,  
A frolic-loving fay.

So dull, so drear is she.  
With cheek down drawn and lily-pale

And eyes with sable circles. Now  
The hair clings to the pallid brow  
And ah, her wasted form as frail  
As any you shall see!

To what foul thing a prey?  
To life, to love alike averse  
She lies a shrunken bag of bones,  
And plucks her nerveless frame and  
A victim to the latest curse [moans,  
The baneful *Matinée*.]

#### THE CHINEASY - GOING EMPEROR.

"Last summer the Chinese Government beheaded four distinguished Chinamen who were rash enough to advocate peace. They have now, under foreign pressure, issued an edict restoring to the decapitated quartet all the honours of which they had been deprived, except, presumably, their heads."—*Full Mail Gazette*.]

FOUR Chinamen of high degree  
Seeing the folly  
Of warring 'gainst the Powers that be;  
That it must jolly

Quickly bring human miscrees,  
For peace proclaiming  
Were by the Emperor's decree,  
After much blaming,

Decapitated, one plus three.  
Events then showing  
That one and two and one Chinee  
Were much more knowing,  
The Emperor did straight agree  
To grant their pardon.

And said, 'twas easy now to see,  
He had been hard on  
His subjects four of high degree.  
In recognition  
Of which, he craved apologizee,  
Swore their position  
In future certainly should be  
(More contrite growing)  
From such annoying errors free.  
Moreover, vowed  
They still should be of high degree,  
Titles and clothing,  
And henceforth he himself would see  
They wanted nothing.



## QUITE AT HOME.

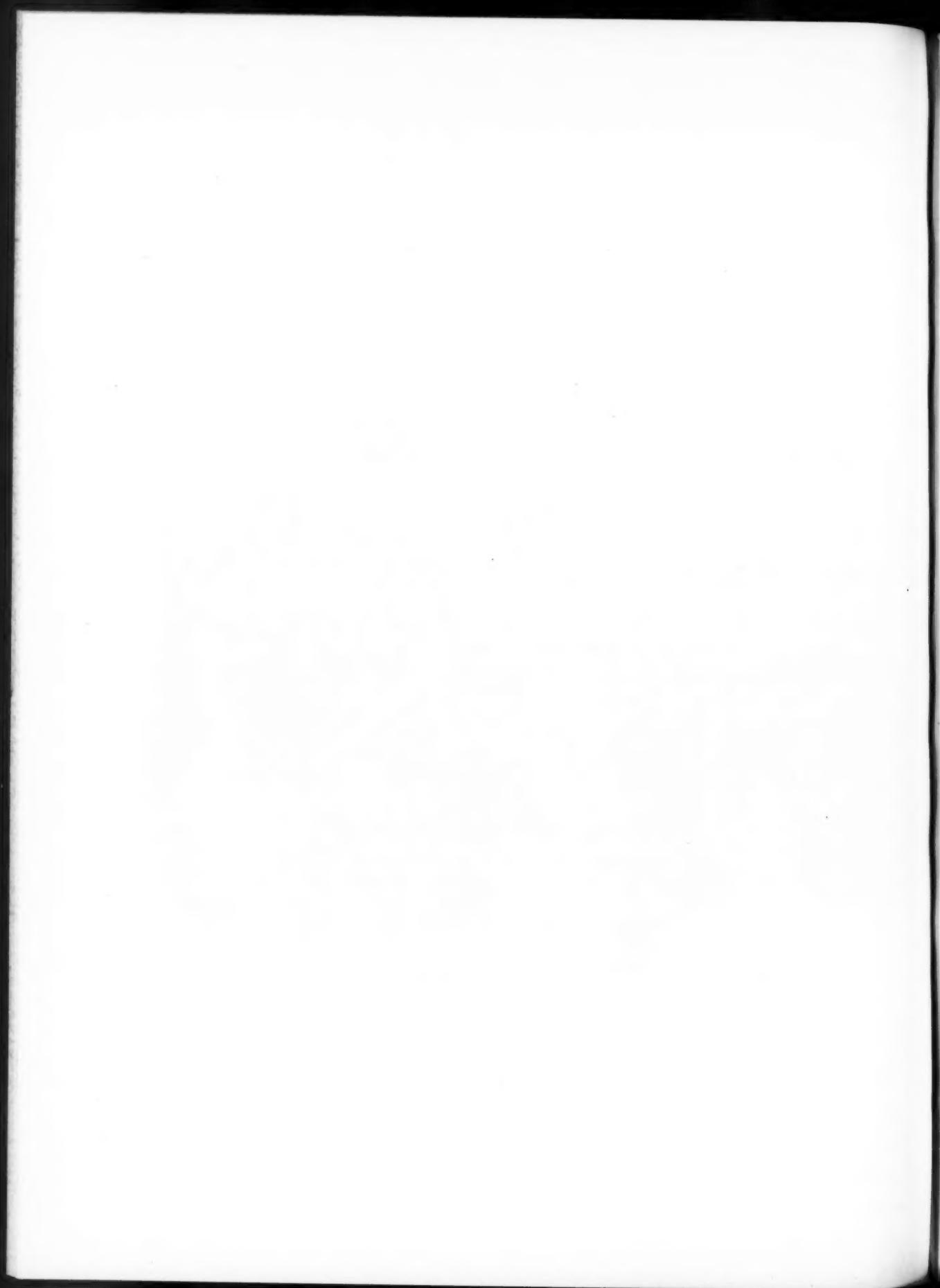
BRITISH AND GERMAN ALLIES. "HI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

RUSSIAN COSSACK. "I'M THE MAN IN POSSESSION! ARE YOU GOING TO TURN ME OUT?"

BOTH (hesitating). "N—N—NO. NO. WE ONLY ASKED."

RUSSIAN COSSACK. "THEN, NOW YOU KNOW."

[Goes on smoking.]



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 11.—Strangers in Gallery agreeably surprised to-night. On entering were presented with copy of Orders of the Day.

nothing more surely calculated to undermine British Constitution than to unfold and peruse sheet of printed paper in Strangers' Gallery. This evening every other man had his copy of Orders of the Day, rustling its leaves as if he lived in a free country.

PRINCE ARTHUR moved Sessional Order permitting report of Supply being taken after twelve o'clock even though opposed. Mentioned that it was order of procedure in practice for many Sessions. More than ever necessary now; business in backward state; close of financial year approaching;



A VERITABLE LABOUR OF HERCULES.

THE RT. HON. ST. JHN BR-DR-CK STEELS HIMSELF TO RESIST ALL EFFORTS AT SOCIAL PRESSURE IN WAR OFFICE MATTERS

"Lor, bless me!" said a stout gentleman from Camberwell, who had been there before; "next they'll be giving us a long clay and a pint of porter a-piece."

Had occasion to remember his last visit; finding proceedings a little dull produced from side pocket copy of ha'penny evening paper; was looking out latest "official" news from South Africa when the Assyrian in form of messenger on duty came down like wolf on the fold. Gave gentleman from Camberwell to understand that next to heaving half a brick at the SPEAKER

"Now I'll know what they're at," said the gentleman from Camberwell, wetting his thumb in preparation for sudden emergency of turning over pages.

Two hours later he was led forth a limp mass of humanity; mentally in such dazed condition that having, as he thought, taken the Camberwell 'bus presently found himself approaching Marble Arch. His recollection of what had taken place in House between half-past five and nine o'clock, more than a full third of the sitting, a little hazy; in the main accurate.

many votes to be taken; not a moment to lose.

"Very good," said the gentleman from Camberwell, himself a man of business in the drapery line; "that is so, or it ain't. If it be, House, above all things business assembly, will agree and they'll get to work. If not, they'll say so; there'll be a Division, and the thing'll be out of the way in half an hour."

"Ah, mon vieux," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, regarding him compassionately; "how little does Camberwell know of the

most perfect business assembly in the world!"

What the stranger saw and heard was JOHN ELLIS making long speech in support of amendment limiting proposed arrangement to Easter; JEMMY LOWTHER, looking wondrous wise, deplored systematic suspension of twelve o'clock rule, which kept middle-aged young gentlemen out of their beds after midnight; CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, making as though he were going to comb PRINCE ARTHUR's hair with his hook saying, "I told you so!" Then a Division. Another Amendment moved by SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. Second Division. (N.B. A Division occupies a quarter of an hour.) Irish Members, breaking vow of silence, came to the front; demanded that Vote on Account, closing of which led to "ebullition of feeling" at midnight last Tuesday, should be exempted from operation of Sessional Order; said they wanted to discuss it. PRINCE ARTHUR not allured by this tempting bait. Eight o'clock had struck; through two hours and a half the dreary drip of talk had fallen; silver-tongued Mr. FARRELL accounted for three-quarters of an hour.

Twenty minutes past eight; Members famishing; closure moved; SPEAKER declined to put it; thought he'd like a little more before going off to his chop: KNIGHT OF SHEFFIELD obliged; rebuked his right honourable friend on Treasury Bench for mismanagement of public business. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE's amendment negatived on Division; closure moved and carried. Another Division, the fourth, and at nine o'clock, the ordinary familiar Sessional Order moved at half-past five was renewed.

At this stage the gentleman from Camberwell was led forth, and record ends.

*Business done.*—Committee appointed to consider King's Civil List.

*Tuesday night.*—When in difficulty play DON JOSÉ. This, the motto of most powerful Government of modern times, exemplified to-night in Strange Case of General COLVILE. On verge of midnight; House densely crowded; atmosphere in that electric condition that portends possible disaster. PRINCE ARTHUR speaking an hour ago cleverly attempted to put gloss on the case.

"The House," he said, amidst storm of cheers and counter-cheering, "is resolving itself into a grand jury on questions of strategy in order to say whether there is a case to go to the common jury in the shape of some military Court of Inquiry, which is to reverse or indorse as it thinks fit, the verdict of the Commander-in-Chief."

ASQUITH, in one of those masterpieces of lucid, cogent statement with which from time to time he illuminates debate, put the fact more accurately. "General COLVILE's case was," he said, "considered

by the Secretary of State. All the information available being brought before the authorities, he was deliberately reinstated in his command. First he was acquitted, then reinstated, and after all that was done a Court of Inquiry was held behind his back, at which he was not represented, of the evidence produced at which we have no knowledge, and of the charges neither he nor we at this moment have any idea. When a General, having performed ill or well in the field, is reinstated in his post after consideration of his conduct by the most competent authorities he ought not, according

Question entirely free from party politics; speakers equally divided between two camps supported General COLVILE's demand. In the two nights' debate only one voice raised in support of position assumed on Treasury Bench. WINSTON CHURCHILL, refraining from dealing with the particular case, urged Secretary of State as a matter of principle not to budge. To-night Leader of House, with keen instinct of danger, made question one of confidence in the Ministry; also dragged in BOBS, who must be getting a little tired of the tactics.

"Fire away, Gentlemen, if you like," said the Master of Legions; "if you do, you'll hit BOBS."

Even after this, things looked nasty; certainly if Ministerial majority were left with free hand the appeal for a court-martial would have been carried by acclaim. At this crisis DON JOSÉ put up to repeat PRINCE ARTHUR's solemn warning to whom it might concern. If amendment were carried, BOBS would go, Ministers would resign and (this arrow DON JOSÉ sped from his own quiver) the British Army would be destroyed.

After this, only one thing for good Ministerialists to do. They went into the Lobby almost to a man, and the veteran soldier seated under the Gallery listening to the long debate was finally broken.

*Business done.*—Motion for Enquiry into COLVILE case negatived by 262 votes against 148.

*Thursday night.*—House gathered to discuss vote of eighty-eight millions sterling proposed in Army Estimates. Sun beats the record; involves question underlying existence of the Empire; House presumably anxious to approach subject forthwith, bestowing upon it every available moment of Sitting.

But there is QUINLAN'S ASS. Irish Members insist that it shall be first attended to. Like birth of JEAMES, the early years of QUINLAN'S ASS are "wropt in mist'ry." Suddenly, unexpectedly, probably at period when life's shadows are lengthening, QUINLAN'S ASS has a question all to itself on paper of House of Commons; put and answered amid full panoply of ordered Sitting; wigged and gowned Speaker in the Chair; Sergeant-at-Arms watchful at his post; Mace on the table; eager circle of listeners. A bye-wave of interest ripples round the owner of the quadruped. QUINLAN? What manner of man is he who owns an ass that thrills Ireland with passion, and, standing with meek obstinacy on floor of House of Commons, bars progress of vote of eighty-eight millions of sterling?

It was Mr. REDDY who, lightly throwing a leg over the back of QUINLAN'S ASS, trotted the beast down the floor of the House. For one of his name, an Irish Member to boot, he was singularly unready of speech. This doubtless due to



"Why don't ye tax the Gulf Stream?"

(Mr. T-m H-ly.)

to the rules of justice, according to the traditions of fair play, and the practice that prevails in every branch of life—social, political, or business, to have that decision reversed, and his status taken away without some opportunity of answering the new charges preferred against him."

That was the plain and simple demand. House of Commons shrank instinctively from complicity with anything resembling a DREYFUS case. Did not presume to offer opinion whether COLVILE was justified in his action at Lindley. DICKSON-POYNDER, who was on the spot, varied this attitude. He, a trained soldier with personal knowledge of the whole affair, emphatically acquitted COLVILE of blame. The House on its part simply demanded reference of the case to a Military Court of Enquiry before whom, in presence of the accused, the whole evidence should be considered.



**DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.**

*Aunt.* "BUT WHY WON'T YOU DANCE WITH SYLVIA, BOBBY?"  
*Bobby.* "OH, I CAN'T DANCE WITH HER. SHE'S GOT SUCH A 'NORMOUS WAIST."

seething indignation clogging his voice. Mention of QUINLAN'S Ass set every fibre in his body vibrating. Crowded House, scarcely less excited, with difficulty followed the narrative.

As far as could be made out, there has been larceny in the case of QUINLAN'S Ass. "Who stole the donkey?" is a question often put by ribald crowds and never answered. Darkness of equal depth brooded over the felonious attempt on QUINLAN'S Ass. What Mr. REDDY succeeded in making clear was that Quinlan's Ass was "the only one to go before the grand jury of Tullamore Assizes." Grand jury threw out the bill, and QUINLAN'S Ass left the court without a stain on its character. But charges had been incurred; the ratepayers were mulcted. The Crown Solicitor, probably in peril of his life, meanly suggested that the Attorney-General would pay costs out of his pocket.

Now Mr. REDDY was coming to the point. With skilful application of heel, he made QUINLAN'S Ass give out threatening kick behind.

"Will the Attorney-General for Ireland pay the costs?" he gurgled.

Vainly battling with emotion, ATKINSON, noting that breadth of the table was between him and QUINLAN'S Ass, emphatically answered "No, I will not!"

Movement of depression plainly visible on pendulous ears of QUINLAN'S Ass as this cruel answer fell upon them; quietly permitted itself to be led forth by Mr. REDDY.

Haven't yet heard the last of the beast. SARK tells me Irish Members intend to ask leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss case of QUINLAN'S Ass as a matter of urgent public importance.

*Business done.*—Question of QUINLAN'S Ass and 121 others on the Paper (majority of equal importance) disposed of, what was left of Sitting devoted to Army Estimates.

*Friday.*—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, faced by deficit unequalled in modern times, at his wits' end to find new sources of taxation. Jumps eagerly at suggestion lightly thrown out by TIM HEALY in debate on Congested Districts (Ireland) Bill. MACARTNEY lamented neglect by Board of Ulster, "although," he said, "the tenants there are worse off than those on the West coast, who have the benefit of the Gulf Stream."

"Why don't you put a tax upon it?" said TIM.

Why not, indeed, ponders the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. More will be heard of this on Budget night.

*Business done.*—Taxation considered.

#### CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

##### CHAPTER X.

###### *Hunting Types—The Man who rides a Bolter.*

You can't be in the hunting field for more than a very short time without meeting the man who rides a bolter. "Have no truck with a puller," said the Colonel to me, when first as a youngster I followed the hounds. "A puller's often a showy horse, and when they bring him out to you from his stable and make him do his paces up and down, or clear a hurdle in the little field beyond, why you're apt to think you've never in all your life seen a nobler animal. There he goes, a great sinewy, bony, upstanding chestnut, full of fire and courage, clean-limbed, a proud jumper, and with an action that makes a man feel as if he were riding on C springs. Yes, my boy, that's all very well when there are no hounds, and no other horses tearing up to him and thundering along with snortings and pantings that make him feel as if there was a devil let loose behind him and he had to go his best and fastest to escape. Look at his eye carefully. It's not really an honest eye—too much white about it for that, and too little of that liquid intelligence that shines in the eye of a good horse. However, you'll buy him probably, and then you'll take him out with the hounds, and

then your mother ought to hang up a special votive tablet if you come home with sound bones. That horse, my boy, turns into an untamed streak of lightning—if you can imagine a streak of lightning with a mouth as hard as that of an ARMSTRONG gun, and a power of pulling that turns your arms and shoulders into a mass of aches. No, there's no pleasure to be got out of a horse like that. Get rid of him anyhow; sell him, pawn him; give him away; but don't keep him, or, if you do keep him, don't ride him."

So spoke the Colonel, riding on his wiry flea-bitten grey—a man bronzed by many suns and scarred in many fights, a keen horseman and a joyous rider to hounds. I laughed, as is the habit of youth, and promised to remember his words, and that very day I saw JOHNIE BROWMORE lugger and tugging on the top of a huge bay, a mere robin on a round of beef. JOHNIE was the soul of good humour, but the amiability even of his temper must have been exhausted by the innumerable apologies he found himself compelled to dispense. He barged into the master; he collided with the huntsman; he all but rode over old Captain BODLER, who was fumbling about at a small fence. He upset his best friend and lost him the best run of the season, and then, getting away himself, he disappeared like a flash in the dim distance, far beyond the hounds and their music, a swiftly vanishing meteor, viewed with amazement and fear by the rest of the field. His account of that dreadful gallop is Homeric. I cannot recall the whole terrible series of its incidents, the roads he clattered along, the carts he avoided by a hair's breadth, the iron railings he cleared, the gardens he crashed through, the villages he terrified with his reckless speed, the dogs, the pigs, the hens that he trampled on. Late at night a woe-begone wreck of the once immaculate JOHNIE arrived at his home. His horse had finally hurled himself into an orchard, had fixed JOHNIE, bruised but happy in his release, between the branches of an apple tree, and had then continued his flight into the unknown. He (the horse, I mean) was found on the following day, minus his saddle, in a neighbouring sea-port town, and was sold for six pounds to go in a butcher's cart. That was the last I ever heard of him, but I always pitied the butcher.



Yet who can be wise at all times. Only a month later I was mounted on my latest acquisition, the finest horse, I thought, I had ever ridden. We were with a private pack of beagles, and the hare kept running rings. When my brute saw the hounds and heard them give tongue his whole nature changed. He bounded this way and that; he bored, he flung his head into the air and into my face, he took the bit in his infamous teeth, tested my hands and arms, found his mouth had the greater strength and endurance, and away he went. We ended—the interval was a nightmare—down a twelve-foot drop on to a large field-roller, the shafts of which he splintered into match-sticks, while I soared through the air and landed twenty feet beyond on my back. That was my first and last horse of that kind, and since then I have never been the man who rides a bolter. But you'll find him at one time or another in every hunt, and the best advice I can give you is to keep out of his way.

## BUSINESS EXPERIENCES OF THE HON. THOMAS CASH.

BY T. H.

MY special aptitude for business, or, since I have had several, perhaps I may even say businesses, was not entirely a gift; it was also largely due to early training. I had spent a great number of years at school, learning to express myself fluently in languages of which at least one has yielded several distinct words to the vernacular of the money market; and with great prudence I had early obtained a special exemption from the study of mathematics and French and German, that I might have more hours to devote to *Æschylean* tragedy and Aristotle's *Poetics*. I had then passed four years at Oxford, devoting the first two to perfecting my knowledge of the same subjects, and the last two to forgetting them and specialising in—if my memory serves me—*Moral Philosophy*. Rounding this off with a period of Roman Law, punctuated by dinners at an unhealthy hour in the Temple, usually in the vicinity of a Hindoo and two Japanese, I came naturally to the summit of the long hill of intellectual preparation, and with a conquering shout leaped down the sunny slopes of commerce.

I had myself no doubt as to the suitability of my training; but it was pleasant to find that it had stamped capacity upon my countenance so unmistakably. I saw many agents of many businesses, and in no single instance did any one of them fail to recognise at a glance that the special conditions which had admittedly handicapped the owner would be powerless against me. In cases where meagreness of profit was attributed to the proprietor having taken to gambling, or to drink, or to photography, it was, of course, natural that my superiority to such vices should be apparent to the most unobservant. But when failure was openly attributed to mismanagement, and when this fact was treated as a detail which I could correct with a touch, and which rather enhanced the value of a property for me than otherwise, I began to understand how much my education had effected.

These experiences grew increasingly gratifying. In one concern, for instance, even general bad trade was similarly treated as a detail which, although fatal in the past, and possibly in itself deplorable, need not in my case affect the consideration of the price; but this seemed to me little removed from flattery. I think—in fact, I feel sure—that the mere presence in a neighbourhood of one properly trained commercial intellect would not affect its entire economic conditions; unless, indeed—but no, probably even Oxford intelligences have their limitation.

This was in the year—well, I need not perhaps mention the date. Anyone who has ever at any time looked for a business will be able to identify it for himself when I say that it was in the year when all the concerns on offer were a sure fortune to

an energetic man. I was simply appalled at the lethargy which had settled down on the commercial classes. Energy, as I often used to remark to *PEPLow*, as he punted me up the *Cherwell*, is at the root of all success, and I frequently pointed out to him that it was only when he relaxed his efforts that we ever failed to reach *Parsons' Pleasure*. And here, in various forms, were Dr. *JOHNSON*'s potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice simply spoiling through the indolence of traders. It was a saddening reflection, and I mentally resolved that the mercantile world should be raised by my example from this slough of indolence, that it should learn to see in me the Apostle of Effort, and that I would never fall away for one moment from that noble ambition, even though I had to have two managers to do the work and sank under the strain of paying them.

I think it was *GUNTER*'s advice that ultimately decided me to choose brewing for my first field of operations. He said that *Hereditary Incompetence* had so long used this industry as a training ground for recruits, that to enter it had become a kind of baronial goose-step, and any intellect which really marched could not fail to achieve distinction. *PEPLow*'s statement that he had heard beer took a week to ferment, during which time one could only look at it, certainly weighed with me, for I know the value of such periods of cerebral incubation; but I was young then, and too prodigal of energy to attach full importance to this consideration. At any rate, I decided upon brewing, and consulted Messrs. *PINTE* and *PUETA* on the subject.

These gentlemen had providentially the very thing. The profits were practically nonexistent, but there were reasons. Their account was a little confused, for we cannot all have University lucidity of expression; but, so far as I understood, it was that the proprietor, being a dipsomaniac with the morphia habit, had



AN EXCUSE.

*Mistress.* "ANOTHER BREAKAGE, JANE? AND A WEDDING PRESENT, TOO! HOW EVER DID YOU DO IT?"  
*Jane (sobbing).* "THEY AL—WAYS BREAK—WHEN I—DROP 'EM

made no attempt to prevent the American competition, which had ruined the local industries and depopulated the district. To an energetic man, however, this concern was a sure fortune. *GUNTER* and *PEPLow* agreed that it offered a fair field for the display of my talents.

Some little time was taken up by valuations. A tall gentleman, nominated by Messrs. *PINTE* and *PUETA*, and a short gentleman nominated by myself, spent three days in elaborately avoiding one another in the neighbourhood, dined together on the evening of the third day, and on the morning of the fourth informed me that the long gentleman's valuation amounted to £50,000 6s. 8d., and the short gentleman's to £49,999 13s. 4d.; they therefore proposed, with my consent, to agree to the figure at £50,000. This was very fortunately the sum which I had told Messrs. *PINTE* and *PEUTA* I desired to invest. I am not a mathematician myself, but I consulted *GUNTER*, who was a Wrangler in his time, and he said the precision of these figures impressed him very favourably.

The legal formalities and the engagement of a manager caused some further delay, under which I chafed considerably, but everything was at last completed. I celebrated the occasion by giving a dinner to PEPLOW and GUNTER, which served both to inaugurate the buckling on of my commercial harness, and also as a leave-taking to my two friends on my setting out on my annual holiday. I think we all felt the solemnity of the occasion. PEPLOW proposed success to the New Era in a speech of great power, and my housemaid, who is from the country, and happened at the moment to be bringing in a decanter, was so carried away by his dramatic description of the brightness of the day which he said had dawned, that she turned off the electric light and plunged us in temporary darkness. GUNTER, if less apostrophic, was equally complimentary, and congratulated me on having that day taken a step which would do more to undermine the drunken habits of the neighbourhood than the most fanatical temperance crusade.

I returned thanks with, I hope, modesty, deprecating the idea of sacrifice, for I had made none. To a man of my temperament the idle lolling on a woolsack, dispensing patronage to greedy relations, would have been as repugnant as, in the alternative, the somnolent atmosphere of a Bishop's palace. The so-called learned professions did but deal with the corns and bunions of the body politie: it was not only from a sense of duty, but from my own desire, that I had elected to sit rather with my finger for ever on that pulse of trade which throbbed with the true life-blood of the nation. I said more, but it is scarcely worth recalling, for I am conscious my eloquence was heavy; a sense of coming responsibility robbed it of its usual light touch. Early the next morning I started for Yokohama.

If I had known then as much as I do now I should have hesitated to go so far, but my knowledge of managers was at that time singularly incomplete. Even to this day their shortcomings amaze me, for that absence of strenuous endeavour which distinguishes the hireling is a characteristic to which I can never get accustomed. I have no doubt that the reports on which I had insisted, and which followed me about from place to place, may have indicated an unsatisfactory state of things, but they were so shrouded in technical obscurities, and reached me so long after despatch, that they did not seem worth the labour of perusal, and it therefore came upon me as a shock to receive a telegram from PEPLOW advising me to come home and look into matters. I was relieved to find on my return that there was nothing, so to speak, organically wrong. I think PEPLOW, if he had been willing to do as I would have done in his place, might have remedied matters instead of cabling for me, but he has a lethargic nature and undoubtedly there had been an unaccountable lack of supervision.

I took the matter in hand with my usual promptitude. I interviewed my manager, and after impressing upon him the criminality of slackness in any affair where a hand has once been put to the plough I discharged him forthwith. I gave PEPLOW a chance of redeeming the fault against friendship which he had committed, by offering him the occupation of my office whilst I looked for a fresh manager, and I made it my business to weigh the answers to the advertisement I inserted in the trade journal.

In this manner I soon had matters in a satisfactory condition, and MACDONALD, the first applicant, installed. He was a lean and angular Scotchman, lurking behind cheek-bones and a colossal self-satisfaction, a quality I particularly detest. But procrastination was never one of my faults, and as MACDONALD applied first, and there were twenty-seven other candidates whose examination would have taken time, I acted instead of talking and engaged him there and then. In the week that PEPLOW had been in my office I could not find that he had done anything, except order other people about and send the office boy for bottled beer, so I excused his further attendance and took possession myself.

It has always seemed to me a blot upon our commercial

system that to all that a principal must necessarily have upon his mind there should be added the strain of supervision. I yield to none in energy, but every scientist distinguishes between the two leading types—energy of motion and energy of position. Of these, it is the latter which I have developed to such an extraordinary degree; I have always recognised it as the highest, and we needs must love the highest when we see it.

The necessity for this supervision is unfortunate enough when a principal is upon the spot, but when he is at a distance it is simply intolerable. MACDONALD had a repellent habit of chasing me about the country with lists of conundrums requiring immediate answer, and this in spite of my protests that I could not possibly return braced for strenuous daily effort if I had to attend to correspondence whilst recruiting.

Many employers would have refused to be thus worried, and would have left him to flounder as best he could; but, making allowance for a weaker vessel, I used to go through his questions with great care, and write marginal instructions against each, such as—

“ Consult a solicitor.”

“ Refer to Mr. PEPLOW, who knows my views.”

“ Buy the hops now, unless you can get them cheaper later on.”

“ Follow your own judgment, and report to me further.”

In spite of this assistance, business did not seem to be properly dealt with in the office, and at last, on one occasion, when I returned from a shooting engagement to find my desk crowded with matters which I had already disposed of as above, I realised that the time had come for me to administer an object-lesson.

(To be continued.)

#### A JAM PUFF.

(With apologies for conserving the somewhat peculiar rhymes of the original.)

[Mr. JAMES BOYLE, U. S. Consul at Liverpool, in a report says, “It is probably a fact that jam, and not beef, is now the national diet of the Englishman.”]

WHEN mighty cheap jam is the Englishman's food,  
It reduces our bills while diluting our blood,  
And makes us anæmic and gentle and good—

Oh, the Cheap Jam of old England!  
And oh, for old England's Shop Jam!

Our beef-eating fathers were once stout and strong,  
And kept in the public-house all the day long;  
No jimmams for us, but this virtuous song :—

Oh, the Glucose of old England,  
And oh, for old England's Sham Jam!

When good Queen ELIZABETH sat on the throne  
The blessed word “jam” in this land wasn't known,  
And I guess she'd have heard this refrain with a frown—

Oh, the Prime Jam of old England!  
And oh, for old England's Prize Jam!

#### ANIMALOSITY.

THE British Lion and the Eagles twain  
Of Germany and U. S. A. (not pairable),  
And other emblem Birds and Beasts, complain  
That Russia's China action is un-Bearable.

TOAST AND SONG.—Good luck to the Duke and Duchess of YORK and CORNWALL! Chorus everybody, if you please, “Ophir the sea and far away!”